

# THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,  
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM ;  
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D  
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE  
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. AKENSIDE.

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## ORIGINAL LETTER,

ON HONOUR AND INTEGRITY.

*By Hilarious.*

When you come upon the stage of action, my dear Eugenio, as it is your duty, so it will be your glory, to deal justly with all persons. Clear and round dealing is the characteristic of a virtuous and upright mind, and seems congenial to the dignity of human nature ; hate therefore nothing but what is dishonest, fear nothing but what is ignoble, and love nothing but what is just and honourable.

If you wish to be a valuable member of society, a good subject to your country, and a faithful servant to your Creator, convince the world that your word is equal to your bond, and that it is not so much the law, as honour, that binds you to the performance of the duties of society.

Breaking your faith may gain you riches, but will never obtain you glory. He that breaks his promise, even in the most trifling circumstances, will do it in the greatest, if occasion serves ; and whoever so forfeits his faith, destroys the principal bond of society ; and let his rank and property be what they will, can never be considered as an upright and honest man. He may be a man of wealth, a man of rank, and a man of dignity, but never a man of honour.

Think therefore an hour before you speak, and a day before you promise ; for remember, a man's word and the effects of it, ought to be as inseparable as fire and heat ; and ever consider faith and honesty as the most sacred duties of mankind, not to be forced by necessity, or corrupted by reward. Faith is the foundation of justice, and justice the stay of the state and the support of society. A just man should account nothing more precious than his word, nothing more venerable than his faith, nothing more sacred than his promise. To deceive one who is not obliged to believe you, is ill : but to cheat one

whom your fair pretences have induced to put confidence in you, is bad indeed. And be assured, that he, who in any one affair relinquishes honesty, banishes from his breast all sense of shame in succeeding actions ; and certainly no vice covereth a man with so much, as to be found false and unjust : and however the world may think lightly of such proceedings, and whatever plausible excuses men may flatter themselves in the committing of them, be assured the vengeance of God rewards all unjust actions with slow, but sure payment and full interest.

Have so much generosity of soul, as not to desert that which is just, but own it.—Keep truth and faith in the smallest matters, that you may not deceive in greater ; and the better to dispose yourself to perform things of weight and moment, ever consider a promise a just debt, which you must take care to pay, for honour and honesty are the securities. A man of virtue and honour has such a natural repugnance to any thing vicious, that if neither God knew when he did ill, nor man to punish, yet would he not commit it.

Whatever I do, I endeavour to do it as if it was my last act, and I was immediately to give an account of it to my Creator ; and therefore I do it with care and integrity. I think no longer on life than that which is now present ; I forget the past, and for the future, with humble submission, I refer myself to Divine Providence, whom I consider as my best director. What others shall say or think of me, or even act against, gives me not the least concern, whilst I am conscious in my own breast of having fulfilled my duties and engagements with honour and justice. I dare confront the opinions of men, the slander of tongues, the insolence of the proud, the contempt of the rich, and the obloquy of poverty ; but to enrich myself by any sordid means, I dare not ; for in so doing I should distrust my God, and destroy the honourable trust and confidence on his Divine Providence, and thereby break that original faith which ought to be held and ever due, from the creature to his Creator.

During your commerce with the world, you will hear much of honour and integrity, words common in almost every person's mouth, though I am afraid seldom in their hearts. False honour, indeed, frequents most companies from the highest to the lowest, but true honour seldom, except among the virtuous and good. Their characters indeed are so diametrically opposite that they are seldom seen in the same place, and never accompany the same person.

False honour is selfish, ostentatious, proud and over-bearing ; loves the greetings in the market-places, the notice of the multitude, and has her principal reliance on the breath of fame, whom she constantly courts to sound her praise. True honour, on the contrary, is reserved, silent and modest. She acts from integrity only, and not from the love of fame, whom she never courts. The former consequently associates with the vain, the selfish, the proud, the ostentatious, and the ambitious, and is not unfrequently companion to the most vicious. But the latter is only to be found among the truly virtuous and good. It is as impossible for a bad man to have true honour, as for a good man to have the false ; so true it is, every tree may be known by the fruit thereof.

If a man boasts much to you of his honour and integrity, and swears frequently upon his honour, depend upon it, he has neither the one nor the other ; at least he is only acquainted with false honour, for the true never speaks of herself.

But let it be your care to form an alliance with the true honour, and shun the false ; eschew evil and it will fly from you, so court honour, and she will never forsake you.

## MISCELLANY.

BIANCA.

(concluded.)

Who now were more glad than the grand duke and Bianca? They completely laid aside the last remains of decorum and reserve ; and shewed themselves publicly in splendor and magnificence.



Johanna, the legitimate wife of the grand duke, though she strove, as much as possible, outwardly to conceal her indignation at the conduct of her spouse, and her jealousy towards her rival, yet they rankled only the more furiously within; she pined at heart, fell sick, and died.

The death of the dutchess opened fresh prospects to the aspiring Bianca. The heart of the grand duke was wholly at her command; he must do what she pleased: and now she exerted all her art to induce him to wed her in form. In vain did the grand duke's brother, cardinal Ferdinand de Medicis, who in default of a male descendant, was next successor to the throne, employ all the means in his power to prevent it; she was so happy as to accomplish her aim; and Bianca was, in a short time after, grand duchess of Tuscany.

She now naturally wished to bless her spouse with a prince who hereafter should succeed to the throne. She caused prayers to be put up for her in all the churches; had masses read; ordered star-gazers and prophets to be brought from every quarter: all to no purpose! She therefore at length took up the resolution, in order that she might have her desire, to feign herself pregnant, and then to substitute a foreign child. Intending thus, at least, to have the honour of a mother. A bare-foot friar of the monastery of Ogni Santi, was easily persuaded by bribes to take the execution of the project upon him. The grand duchess now began to be indisposed: she was taken with unaccountable longings; she complained of tooth-aches, qualms, indigestions, &c. She took to her chamber; and at length to her bed: she acquainted the court with her situation, and no one was more rejoiced at the news than the grand duke himself.

When, according to her reckoning, the time of her delivery must be come, she suddenly made a great alarm at midnight; roused her attendants; complained of her first pangs, and ordered, with great impatience, her confessor (the bare-footed Carmelite) to be called.

The cardinal, who was not unacquainted with the cunning of his sister-in-law, had for a long time past caused her to be closely watched, that he was perfectly informed of the plot. He no sooner got intelligence that the confessor was sent for, than he hastened to the anti-chamber of the grand duchess; where he walked up and down, and kept reading his breviary. The grand duchess, on hearing that he was there, ordered him to be told, that she begged him, for God's sake to be gone, as she could not endure the thoughts of a man being so near her in her present circumstances. The cardinal an-

swered her drily: Let her highness attend to her own business, and I will mind mine; and continued to read his breviary. Now came the confessor, according to appointment. As soon as he appeared the cardinal flew to meet him with open arms: Welcome, welcome, my dear ghostly father! The grand duchess has labour-pains, and is greatly in want of your assistance. With these words he hugged him fast in his arms, and was thereby immediately struck with the sight of a lovely new-born child which the good father had concealed in his bosom. He took it away from him, and called out so loud, that even the grand duchess could hear him in the adjoining chamber: God be thanked! the grand duchess is happily delivered of a chopping prince; and directly presented the little-one to the bystanders.

The grand duchess incensed even to fury at this malicious trick, resolved to be revenged of the cardinal, in the cruelest way, cost what it would. And she soon found means to make the grand duke himself, whose devotion to her remained always entire, to furnish her with an opportunity for effecting her purpose.

One day they all three made a party of pleasure to Poggio a Camo, and dined together. Now the cardinal was particularly fond of almond soup: the grand duchess therefore caused an almond soup to be prepared for him, which was poisoned, and to be set upon the table. The cardinal had his spies upon all her actions, who executed so well their commission that he knew of this plot before the almond soup came up. He seated himself as usual at table; but would not take any of the almond soup, though the grand duchess pressed it upon him with all the politeness imaginable. Well, said the grand duke, though the cardinal will have none of it, yet I shall take some. And immediately took a portion of it on his plate. (Here the situation of the grand duchess will be more easily imagined than described.) Unable now to prevent him from eating it, without making an entire discovery of her horrid purpose, she saw that she was undone; therefore, in order to escape the vengeance she had to expect from her brother-in-law, she ate up all that remained of the almond soup. The consequence was, that she and her husband died, both on one day, namely the 21st of October, 1587. The cardinal succeeded to the grand-ducal dignity under the name of Ferdinand I. and reigned till the year 1608.

#### A FRAGMENT.

.....She trembled as she met

the eye of Lewson—she was confused and embarrassed—she gazed for a minute on his features, with an anxious and eager curiosity, and suddenly exclaiming, "It is! it is!" she dropped down into a chair, and burst into tears.

"Good heaven," said Lewson, who had a confused recollection of her person, "What can this mean?"—"What can this mean!" echoes Mordant, "why, to bubble you out of your money. Pish! can't you see through these stale tricks? When the wax is evidently soft, can we wonder that imposture should endeavour to stamp dupe upon it?"—"Would to heaven," returned Apitus, "that the rude impression of brutality were stamped on nothing more durable!"

"Do you not," said the wretched visitant, "remember Miss L\*\*\*\*y?"—"Is it possible?" exclaimed Lewson, "Miss L\*\*\*\*y!"—"I was once that favoured child of gaiety and affluence," said she; "But oh! what am I now!" Then, after a pause—"Oh father! husband! stepdame!" exclaimed she, "and oh! worst of all, my own imprudent heart!"

Lewson was pierced to the soul; he felt a kind of mingled perturbation, anxiety and curiosity, an indescribable sensation, painful indeed, and exquisitely sad, but dearer to the expanded heart than all the joys of grandeur and of sense. Even Mordant listened with a malignant sneer, while she briefly related her affecting story.

"My father," said the poor unfortunate, "was, as you know, Sir, an eminent barister, and, at the time when I had the honour of meeting you at his friend J\*\*\*\*s, had attained such opulence by his profession, as enabled him to enjoy every species of luxury. Shortly after this he married Lady N\*\*\*\* who, though she seemed to have a disinterested affection for my father, always treated me with the most mortifying cruelty and contempt. O fatal persecution! to which, alas! I owe all my present misery. My father, however, infatuated by the charms and accomplishments of this second wife, and not a little vain of her rank, yielded himself and his family implicitly to her dominion, and seemed to think the sacrifice of his daughter's peace no more than a proper return, to one who had brought to his arms, title, elegance and fashion. Thus persecuted by her who had usurped from me the dominion of my father's house, and neglected by him to whom I owed my wretched existence, the only minutes of tranquillity I enjoyed were those I spent in my own apartment, with my music master.

"Young and inexperienced as I was, can it be wondered, that an insinuating youth, with whom I spent my only cheerful hours, and



who instructed me in the only art that could charm to sweet forgetfulness the anguish of my mind, should make too tender an impression on a susceptible heart. In short, he professed, and I really felt, the most pure and generous affection; and I consented to elope with the basest, the most inhuman of his sex.

"Though my father had not tenderness enough to protect his daughter from patrician insult at home, he had still pride enough to resent her having sought a plebian protector abroad. As soon, therefore, as he heard of my marriage, he forbade me the house: and the arts of my cruel stepdame prevailed on him to resolve on seeing me no more—a resolution which he too cruelly kept. But, peace to his soul—for oh! he was still my father. Tax him not, O heaven! with my afflictions, nor remember his transgressions, as he remembered mine. Oh! Mr. Lewson, he is no more. Four years since he died, and left me—cruel! cruel!—a wanton's legacy (so he termed it)—a shilling. But, alas! the worst is still untold:—My husband! cruel stars!—is there no truth—no generosity—no pity in the heart of man? Must the poor credulous female, who sacrifices all to love, meet in return desertion—treachery—ruin? But oh! deceitful perjurer!—wherever thou fliest to shun the cries of that want, which, for thy dear—accursed sake, I endure, may the keenest pangs of my misery reach thee, and transfix thy savage heart.

"I will not relate to you, sir, the gradations of distress by which I was reduced to what you see, nor harrow your soul by recounting the cruel taunts with which my haughty stepdame and inhuman husband answered my unavailing petitions. My education disqualified me from earning a subsistence. I endeavoured to drown my anguish, by appealing to a practice which soon became habitual—intoxication. My soul became as degraded as my condition, and no resources presented themselves but begging or prostitution, to the former of which I sunk by imperceptable gradations."

"Thanks to heaven," exclaimed Lewson, "you chose not the latter. Thy wants shall be relieved, and the tongue that sued shall supplicate no more; but who shall restore to the soul of venal licentiousness its wonted purity, or bid the modest blush tinge once more the cheek of polluted beauty?"

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Thomas Chatterton, a youth whose early and extraordinary talents, and tragical end, have rendered him an object of much inter-

est and curiosity, was the posthumous son of a person in humble life at Bristol, in which city he was born in November, 1752. He was slow in attaining the first rudiments of learning; and it was not till he had been delighted with the illuminated capitals of an old manuscript, that he took to learning his letters. This circumstance, and his being taught to read out of a black-letter bible, will doubtless be thought, by the partisans of the theory of association, to have had a great share in the peculiar turn to the imitation of antiquities which he afterwards displayed. All the scholastic education he received was at a charity-school, where no language was taught but the mother-tongue. Here he remained some time undistinguished, except that a pensive gravity of demeanour assimilated him rather to the man than the boy. About his tenth year a taste for reading disclosed itself, which thenceforth became a kind of ruling passion. He hired and borrowed books as he had opportunity; and between his eleventh and twelfth year he drew up a catalogue of those he had read, amounting to about seventy, which chiefly consisted of history and divinity. It is not absolutely certain how soon he began to write verses, but he had certainly composed some at twelve years of age; and he now began to show that ardour of mind and versatility of parts by which he was afterwards so strongly characterised. In his fifteenth year he left school, and was articled to a scrivener at Bristol, in the lowest form of apprenticeship. Though in this situation he underwent much confinement, yet his leisure was great, and he employed a large portion of it in literary pursuits. It was in the year 1768 that he first began to attract notice from the fruits of his studies; but on this subject it is necessary to enter into some preliminary explanations.

In the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, which was founded or rebuilt by W. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, in the reign of Edward IV. (the 15th century), there is a room in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which was called Mr. Canynge's coffer. This chest had formerly been secured by six keys, entrusted to different persons; but in process of time the keys were lost; and when, about 1727, in consequence of a notion that the chest contained some title-deeds, an order was made for its examination by an attorney, the locks were broke open. The deeds found in it were taken away; but a number of other manuscripts were exposed to casual depredation. Many of them were carried off: but the father of Chatterton, whose uncle was sexton to the church, was insa-

tiable in his plunder, and removed baskets full of parchments; of which however he made no better use than as covers to books. Young Chatterton is said, soon after the commencement of his clerkship, to have been accidentally struck with one of these parchments converted into his mother's thread-paper, and on enquiry, to have obtained a remaining hoard of them yet unused. Whatever were the facts of his first knowledge of them, he appears early to have formed the design of converting the circumstance into a system of literary forgery. In the variety of his studies, antiquities had occupied a favourite place. He dabbled in heraldry, and made collections of old English words from glossaries. Upon the opening of the new bridge at Bristol, in October, 1768, a paper appeared in Farley's British Journal, entitled, "A Description of the Fryars first passing over the Old Bridge, taken from an ancient Manuscript." This was traced to Chatterton; and on being interrogated about its origin, after some variation of account, he at length asserted that it came from the chest above mentioned in Redcliffe church. He next propagated a rumour, that certain ancient pieces of poetry had been found in the same place, the authors of which were Thomas Canynge, and an intimate friend of his, one Thomas Rowley, a priest. Mr. Catcott, an inhabitant of Bristol, of an enquiring turn, hearing of this report, was directed to Chatterton; from whom he readily obtained, without reward, various poetical pieces, under the name of Rowley. These were communicated to Mr. Barret, surgeon, who was then writing a history of Bristol. They met with credit, and acquired for Chatterton the friendship and patronage of Barrat and Catcott. These pieces were all written upon small pieces of vellum, and passed for the original MSS. Chatterton was occasionally gratified with money for his presents, and books were lent him for the prosecution of his studies, which began to be very multifarious. About this time his intimate companions observed in him extraordinary fits of poetic enthusiasm, particularly when walking in the meadows near Redcliffe, and talking about, or reading the pretended productions of his Rowley. No doubt he was then labouring with that inspiration of the muse, which is scarcely a fiction in the breast of real genius.

In 1769 he made a still bolder effort to raise himself to public notice. He wrote a letter to the hon. Horace Walpole, well known for his curious researches in literature and the arts, offering to furnish him with some accounts of a series of eminent painters who had flourished at Bristol, at the



same time mentioning the discovery of the old poems, and enclosing two small pieces as a specimen. To a very polite reply requesting further information, Chatterton returned an answer stating his condition in life, and hinting a wish to be freed from an irksome and servile profession, and placed in a situation more favourable to the pursuit of elegant studies. Mr. Walpole communicated the papers to Gray and Mason, who, without hesitation, pronounced them forgeries. This occasioned a cold and monitory letter from him to Chatterton, which so offended the high-spirited youth, that he immediately demanded back the manuscripts, alleging that they were the property of another. Walpole, then about to depart for Paris, neglected to send them back; and on his return found a very resentful letter from Chatterton, peremptorily requiring the papers, and telling Walpole, "that he would not have dared to use him so, had he not been acquainted with the narrowness of his circumstances." Walpole then enclosed them in a blank cover, and thus the correspondence ended. His conduct on this occasion has subjected him to much obloquy, and he has been charged with suffering this flower of genius to be blighted by neglect, and even has been made remotely accessory to Chatterton's unhappy end. But to this he has very properly replied, that Chatterton could appear to him in no other light than that of a young man, disgusted with his proper profession, and attempting to obtain his notice by passing a forgery upon him. Whatever were the merit of the pieces, as he himself imputed them to another, they implied no singular abilities in him. The neglect of returning them was, however, a fault, though one apparently of no great consequence.

Chatterton had before this time commenced a correspondence with the Town and Country Magazine; and various communications from him are printed in the numbers for that work in 1769, consisting of matters relative to antiquity, of extracts from the pretended Rowley, and of pieces entitled, "Saxon Poems, written in the style of Ossian." He also became a very prolific writer in satire, particularly of the political kind. In March, 1770, he composed a satirical poem of 1300 lines, entitled, "Kew Gardens," the object of which was to abuse the princess dowager of Wales, and lord Bute, together with the principal partisans of ministry in Bristol; nor did he spare some of his own friends and patrons. His character, indeed, upon developing itself, did not appear in the most favourable light.

(To be continued.)

It is a favourite notion of modern atheists, that the world and man are eternal. If the last is so, how is it that we have never heard of him till within a few thousand years? Could his reason have lain dormant through an eternity past, which awaking at last has, within a few years performed such wonders. This long slumber is not to be imputed to any sufficient cause, since history warrants no general destruction of the human species, either by physical or moral agents, consequently man, within a few thousand years must have arisen without a cause, or must have been indebted to some other *being* for his existence.

A French writer complains, that modern refinement has almost annihilated our feelings, for best the spectacles and amusements scarcely give pleasure.

Ou ne rit plus, on sourit aujourd' hui :  
Et nos plaisirs sont voisins de l'ennui,

Lucian describing in Menniypus the state of the damned, assures us that the rich and proud have no intermission of torment, but that the poor rogues are taken occasionally from the fire to give them air, and then put down to roast again. This opinion is not merely Lucian's: we find it mentioned even by some christian writers. Prudentius says, that there are holydays even in hell, sunt et sub styge feriae: and the missal of Istria of the 9th and 10th centuries, has one service with this title "pro anima mortui super quo dubitatur num a Domino damnatus sit," for the soul of a deceased man who is *suspected* to have been damned by the Lord—the secret prayer is equally curious;—we humbly beseech, O Lord, for the salvation of the departed, or, if he really have been condemned to pains everlasting, we conjure you at least of your goodness to allow him some little cooling in the eternal flames: quod si jam arderibus addictus tuerit sempiternis, ut flammaram ardore digo neris saltem refrigerare Clementiæ tuæ propitiatio.

These are the last remains of originism in the west.

Dutens, who has endeavoured to find out in every modern discovery, a theft from ancient philosophers, who, in the dropter or pierced board of the Pythagoreans, has found the origin of the Galilean telescope might have, with at least equal success, perceived the electrical kite to have been the

property of Persia. In the fragments of Ctesias the Physician, surnamed the liar for his incredible reports, we are told that the Persians can draw down the thunder-storm by fixing a sword in the ground, the fragments are subjoined to Stephen's Herodotus. Perhaps indeed Ctesias was fanciful, but it is hard to say that he had laboured a history of falsehood. Marco Polo, the Venetian, who first travelled into China, and reported the exceeding great population of that region was called the man of millions. His name was used as a common reproach to the great liars. At last the Jesuits revisited that country, and many ages after his death retrieved his character: yet such is the perseverance of public judgment, that he is still, by the wiser sort believed to have been an impostor.

The invention of bombs is owing to Scotland, and to the siege of St. Andrew's. In the art of war, printed at Venice, 1598, we are shewn the representation of a hogshead coated with conical-headed nails, in which there is inclosed in a barrel of gunpowder suspended in the centre by an iron tube which communicates at both ends with the open air. This engine, we are told by the author, killed 358 persons by its explosion in the soffe.

In 1685, about the time of the taking of Belgrade, the Tyber overflowed the city of Rome, and rose to the height of 7 feet on the Flaminian road. An inscription was set up to mark the height of the inundation, and the success of the Christian arms. Just one hundred years after, Belgrade again surrendered, and the Tyber overflowed and discovered to the writer of this, the inscription—Alba regalis is conquered.

Belgrade is taken; oh! Tyber, what dost thou mean? spare thy transports; if you return each time we defeat the Turcas, we are all undone. The original is spirited, beautiful and prophetic.

————— Regalis Vincitur Alba  
Belgradum captum est: O! Tiberi quid facies?  
Lætitiæ jam parce tuæ: demurgimur omnes  
Si quoties Turcas vincimus, ipse redi.

Trees afford us the advantage of shade in summer, as well as fuel in winter. So virtue allays the fervour of our passions in our youth, and serves to comfort and keep us warm amid the rigours of old age.



Suicide and free thinking are inseparable; the latter patronises all crimes; it being the immediate offspring of infidelity and a disbelief of future rewards and punishments.

Vampirism was a strange superstitious notion which prevailed very generally in Germany and partially in France some years ago, and which supposed the dead came out of their graves to suck the blood of the living. Various learned treatises were published pro and con on this ridiculous subject.

Rousseau says, extreme sensibility, or irritability of temper, is ever the child of genius. This is one of the whimsical dogmas of the philosopher of Geneva. It would be curious to know how genius begets irritability! As they are both non-entities, I believe the logical conclusion—*ex nihilo nihil fit*—is applicable to them.

Tull, a celebrated English agriculturist, among other experiments castrated fish, and with great success: they became large, fat and very delicate. M. Du Hamel, a French naturalist, describes the operation in his *Traite des Peches*. One good consequence resulted from this practice, that it prevented their multiplication in ponds, where they seldom arrive at any size from numbers and want of food.

The pope, in the reign of Henry II. compelled the clergy to celibacy. Walter Mapes, an ecclesiastic of infinite humour, undertook their defence in an excellent rhyming poem. Some of his arguments were, that God desired all creatures to increase and multiply, and that this law could not be abrogated by an old pope. That soldiers proceed from soldiers, and kings from kings, and why should not clerks from clerks? That St. Paul, who was carried to the third Heaven, brought from thence no command for celibacy; on the contrary, he desired that every one should have his own wife. After this able defence he only desires, as a reward, that each of his brethren should say a *pater noster* for him.

*Ecce jam pro Clericis multum allegavi,  
Nec non pro presbyteris plura comprobavi:  
Pater noster nunc pro me quoniam peccavi,  
Dicat quisque presbyter, cum sua suavi.*

Much amusement may be experienced by perusing the reliques of ancient poetry. "The Friar of Orders Grey," is remarkable for its beauty and pathetic simplicity. It is said to have been taken from Beaumont and Fletcher. Having read it, I was struck with the similitude of design between it and Goldsmith's Hermit.

Goldsmith's Edwin, like the Friar appears to have felt the scorn of his Angelina's pride, and to have retired from the world, to mourn over the disaster of his love. Chance also leads towards the retirement of the friar the footsteps of his mistress (but Angelina differs here, being habited as a youth); they meet, and they converse; she unfolds her story, and laments, like Angelina, the effect of her cruel pride, which had banished for ever him whom she had really loved, and whom grief had long since sunk into the grave—The friar says—

Within those holy cloisters long  
He languish'd and he died,  
Lamenting of a lady's love,  
And 'plaining of her pride.

Angelina—

Till, quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride,  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret where he died.

The friar and the hermit seem here to have suffered equally from the same cause.

The poem goes on with much pathetic beauty, and the lady, weeping, says—

But first upon my true-love's grave  
My weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf  
That wraps his breathless clay.

And art thou dead?—thou much lov'd youth!—

And didst thou die for me?  
Then farewell home! for ever more  
A pilgrim I will be.

Angelina says—

But mine the folly, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay;  
Ill seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,  
I'll lay me down and die;  
'Twas so, for me, that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I.

The friar now discovers himself to the

lady, with the same sudden surprise, that Edwin does to Angelina: and says—

Yet stay, fair lady! turn again,  
And dry those pearly tears;  
For, see—beneath this gown of grey  
Thy own true love appears.

Edwin says—

Turn, Angelina! ever dear!  
My charmer! turn to see  
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
Restor'd to love and thee!

Whether this ancient ballad was known to our elegant poet, and countryman cannot be discovered. Goldsmith's Hermit has been justly ranked amongst the most admired of that species of poetry: its sentiments are worthy of that writer: they unite simplicity and nature with true elegance.

It has been long known and lamented that the highest priced and best flavoured wines are greatly adulterated; the red ones particularly, by that poisonous mineral preparation, sugar of lead. The readers of the Repository will be glad to be supplied with an easy test for discovering this. Either oil of vitriol, or the saccharine acid will precipitate the lead in a form of white powder. But what is better, a solution of hepatic gas in distilled water, when poured into wine adulterated with lead will cause a black precipitate, and show the smallest quantity: if the wine contains no metallic substance, there will be no precipitation. The precipitate of lead is of a much deeper colour than that of any other metal. These tests may be had at the chemists.

The adulteration of tea is equally pernicious and extensive with that of the wine. A capital tea-dealer informs us of the method of making smouch with ash leaves to mix with black teas. When gathered they are first dried in the sun, and then baked; they are put on a floor and trod until the leaves are small, then sifted and steeped in copperas with sheeps dung; after they are dried on a floor and are fit for use. The quantity thus manufactured and nicely made up in real chinese chests is incredible. This wretched trash is sold to the poor at a cheap rate, poisoning every power of nature, which is but too apparent in their enervated bodies and puny offspring. This practice demands serious notice.



## EUGENIO.

*(Continued from page 150.)*

How different in the frame of his mind from the young men of the present day was Eugenio, whose greatest pleasure was the cultivation of his own thoughts, and the free indulgence of meditation! It was on the lessons of his own mind that he grafted that fine judgment in human actions and affairs, from which I reaped such profit and amusement about twenty years ago. But Eugenio is gone; but I never shall forget the sweetness of his countenance, and the manliness of his deportment. I have still a pleasure in recollecting the person of Eugenio; his figure was tall and graceful; but his shoulders were a little rounded, and his head drooped a little between them; the effect, perhaps, of sorrow and meditation; for, during our acquaintance together, he was under the constant pressure of bitter disappointments. In his limbs there was the finest moulding, and a certain finish about them, such as we remark in a high bred racer: his complexion was a ruddy brown; his forehead ample; and his temple was relieved by two or three eloquent veins, where the blood rose like the mercury in a barometer, and betrayed every emotion of his mind. There was a tenderness mixed with vivacity in his eyes, that was felt and confessed by all who conversed with him: his air was open, frank, and noble; his manners easy and unconscious; his assiduities delicate and interesting.

I never shall forget an evening walk I once had with Eugenio, when I was on a visit at his father's house in Shropshire: it was in a little vista formed in a wood, about half a mile from the house. As soon as we had entered it, he took me by the hand, and addressed me thus—"As it was here I first began to know myself, I propose here also to bring you more acquainted with your friend than you have hitherto been. To know myself, and to subdue myself, are the great lessons I have learned from my commerce with the genius of this place. It was here that I felt the force of that fine comment on the precept of Delphos, which Socrates makes to the vain-glorious Alcibiades, that, as the eye sees its image in the pupil of another, so the soul of man, to know itself, must look into the divine soul of wisdom and knowledge, and contemplate the whole deity therein. There is no part of this ground that has not been witness to some victory I have obtained over myself.

At the foot of that spotted beech, I laid down my resentment towards a scandalous neighbour of ours; near that festoon of honey suckle, I determined to lose my right, rather than enter into a law-suit with one of my kindred: leaning against the branch of that elm which has grown into the one that is next to it, I determined to refuse an estate offered me by a rich old gentleman, in exclusion of his nearest relation: where that hornbeam and that oak mix their foliage together, I resolved to guard the secret of a friend, though it should cost me my peace and my feelings: and where you see that weeping birch, and that little rivulet that runs murmuring by it, (here he heaved a profound sigh) I determined, though with many—many struggles, to shun for ever the presence of Amelia, on hearing of a person to whom she had promised herself, and who had long been supposed dead in a distant country, was returning." At these words his head sunk upon his bosom, and his whole frame underwent a violent agitation; he stood fixed in a melancholy reverie for some moments; and as I put my hand upon his, a warm tear dropped upon it, the last, I believe, he ever shed upon this occasion.

I little suspected, at that time, how much this last sacrifice would cost Eugenio: he sunk into a settled melancholy; and every day I could trace fresh inroads on the graces of his person, and the integrity of his understanding. About a month before his departure, his despondency was visibly abated, and his spirits grew more tranquil and compose; his mind too recovered its former strength; but there was an abstraction in his looks and deportment, which indicated that his peace was built on the prospect of a future life, and not a reconciliation with the present. He never after spoke to me of his love, or desired my company in his evening walks to the wood; but fell, by swift degrees into a hectic fever, which ended in a consumption; and Eugenio died in my arms.

About an hour before his departure, he put into my hands a little packet, which I afterwards found to contain many passages of his life, and many letters to his dear Amelia, which were written soon after their mutual love became known to each other, and some of which I shall annex to the account of this unfortunate youth.

After my poor friend Eugenio's death—after he had breathed out on my breast his last hope and his last sorrow, all my care and assistance were wanting to console the virtuous Amelia, who survived her lover about ten years, and then died a virgin, in

purest faith, and thought, and act, at the age of thirty-six.

I had leisure to cultivate the friendship of the chaste Amelia, during the course of ten years; and whatever tenderness mingled itself in our intercourse and correspondence, it was borrowed from the soft recollection of Eugenio, which cast over it a sombre and refracted light, like that which remains to the world after the sun has abandoned it.

I never could prevail on myself to open the little packet which Eugenio had put into my hands, till the death of Amelia, when my thoughts could rest on no other object but the loves of this gentle pair; and there was a sort of void and craving in my mind which could only be satisfied by the constant repetition of the names and sentiments of my poor young friends. This looked most like conversing with them and has always been a balm to my spirits, which I would not have forgone for any pleasures and preferments the world could offer me. Since I am become old, these letters are the lectures I most delight in: oftentimes in reading them, I stretch out my hand to find Eugenio's, and take off my eyes to meet the blue languish that used to beam from those of Amelia.

Now then, since the worms have preyed upon what was mortal of these tender friends, and no heart remains but my own, to beat at the recollection of their sorrows, I shall take out from my parcel the letters which have passed between them, and single out such as I think will give most entertainment; hoping that they will meet with some sympathizing bosoms even in this shallow age, and moisten the cheeks of some of my female readers, in honour of faithful love and virtuous calamity.

As to those vulgar spirits whose time is spent in the gross amusements of the town, or those dull plodders whose hearts are stuffed with pedlar principles and mean cares, or those pigmy politicians who have frittered away their feelings with puzzle and chicane, I tell them fairly, whenever, in turning their eyes over my papers, they encounter the name of Eugenio, to lay it down as no concern of theirs; for there is something mysterious in Love, as there is also something sacred sacred in its sufferings, by which they veiled over in the presence of the uninitiated and profane:—it is only here and there that we find a tender bosom which has a true feeling and conception of the pangs or the pleasures of this generous and virtuous passion.

*(To be continued.)*



FOR THE REPOSITORY.

## OBITUARY.

DIED—At Magherabeg, Dromore, in the county of Down, Ireland, in the 24th year of his age, Mr. William Cunningham. This extraordinary young man was by no means the favourite of fortune, who had placed him in a condition, the gloom and obscurity of which, merit could not easily penetrate; but nature made him ample amends, by endowing him with a genius so transcendently excellent, as to make him the object of admiration to all who had the happiness of his acquaintance. His talent for poetry displayed itself very early in life. The first writings of that kind which most forcibly struck him, were the elegies of Mr. Hammond, a young poet, whose life was marked with the same habits and dispositions as his own, and who also, at an early age, became the victim of unrelenting death. Mr. Cunningham's knowledge may, however, be said to be his own acquisitions; reading, meditating, and social conversation, being, from his puerile age, his only favourite employments.

In the autumn of 1800, he was placed at the classical school of Dromore, under the direction of the Revd. Mr. Campbell, where he made such rapid progress in his studies, that, in a little more than two years, he had read the principal Latin and Greek classics. In the beginning of the year 1804, he entered as an assistant teacher in the academy of the Revd. Dr. Bruce, at Belfast, where he was principally distinguished both for his diligence and skill in teaching, and for his amiable disposition. He was, however, soon obliged to retire from his charge, and a consumption, which, for a considerable time, had been making devastations on his tender frame, at length terminated his earthly career, on the 27th of December, 1804.

During his illness he supported himself with the most manly fortitude and resignation. The same tender affection for his relatives and friends, and the universal benevolence, for which he was so remarkably characterised through life, continued unabated till the time of his decease. His person was tall and slender, and his countenance so strongly resembled Dr. Goldsmith's, that when he stood near the profile of the Doctor, it seemed to have been drawn for him. His poetical compositions have often adorned the news-papers and periodical publications of Belfast, and some have also appeared in the Philadelphia Repository.—They

all have great merit, and plainly evince, that, had the pitiless hand of death been withheld, until maturity had ripened his intellectual powers, he would have been a greater ornament and honour to his age and country.

The following Elegies in memory of Mr. Cunningham are by the celebrated Master T. ROMNEY ROBINSON of Belfast.

Hark! 'midst the gloom of Lagan's winding shores,

Yon mournful knell loud thrills the startled ear,  
While freed from life, a much lov'd spirit soars  
And claims on earth the tribute of a tear.

See, dark December tears his robes of snow,  
Cold icy dew his hoary locks deforms,  
And with th' expiring year, departing slow,  
Sighs midst the whirlwind of his rushing storms!

In fancy's wreath no gem resplendant shines,  
Her frantic hand the flow'ry garland rends—  
Funeral cypress round her brow she twines,  
And o'er her fav'rites tomb in sorrow bends!

In his pure mind the flow'rs of genius sprung,  
His artless breast with every virtue shone;  
His rural lyre the sylvan Dryads strung,  
And truth inspir'd him from her heav'nly throne.

But now no more that vocal lyre shall charm,  
Cold is the hand that bade its chords resound,  
And cold that heart so late with friendship warm,

Deep in the bosom of the wintry ground!

Now fledg'd with radiant plumes of heav'nly fire,

His soul ascending views its native skies!—  
Cease, cease, my Muse! from paths unknown retire,

And from the prospect turn thy dazzled eyes.

Glide on limpid Lagan! still smooth mayst thou flow!

Let thy rills weep responsive to murmers of woe;

Near that bank gently heaving curl softly thy wave—

For sacred the verdure of CUNNINGHAM'S grave.

Disperse gloomy vapours!—thou fair Queen of Light,

Deck with silvery robe the black shoulders of Night!

Play thy beams on the bank where the bard lies at rest—

For holy the dust is that covers his breast.

In the stillness of midnight while men are asleep,

For his premature death the sad Muses shall weep—

And soft songs of sorrow repeat round his bed—

For sacred the turf is that pillows his head.

For thy child, Nature, mourn! here thy gifts early strew,

And thy tears shed pellucid in showers of dew:

Let the grave of thy son with fresh flow'rets be drest,

And green let the sod be that covers his breast.

See! crown'd with sad cypress, meek Pity draws nigh,

And his name on the head-stone she reads with a sigh!—

Bids the Sylphs and the Elves, on the bank lightly tread,

Nor bend the grass waving so green round his bed.

See, May's\* fair attendants expect the bright morn,

And the urn of their Bard with fresh chaplets adorn—

Their smiles chang'd to sorrow—their gaiety fled—

For low, low, the turf lies that pillows his head.

The Sp'rits of young Poets here frenzied shall rove,

And with sounds more than mortal shall fill the dark grove;

At the tomb, near the stream, magic strains shall be heard,

Singing, 'Hallow'd! oh hallow'd! the grave of the Bard!'

Ammon, one of the fathers of the Egyptian monks by the entreaties of his friends, consented to marry. On the evening of his nuptials, he conducted the lady who had been selected for him to their wedding chamber; where, after reading to her St. Paul's epistle to the Corinthians, he expounded the apostle's admonition; and so effectually exhibited to her all the pains to which married women are exposed, that she consented to elope with him to the deserts, and to lead a monastic life.

\* Alluding to a poem entitled "The Queen of May," written by Mr. Cunningham, and published in the Belfast News-Letter in May, 1804.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

## THE AFRICAN SLAVE.

What mournful sounds are these afloat in air?  
 And onward moving strike the boading ear?  
 'Tis the poor negro from his country torn,  
 That weeps unpitied and that sighs forlorn.  
 His bosom rung with sorrow's rending groan,  
 His frame convuls'd by pain's relentless moan,  
 All pale, dejected, lo! by yonder way,  
 Where reigns oppression, stretched upon the clay.  
 Far from the scenes that knew his early years'  
 The glow of love and sympathy of tears;  
 Far from these fields with verdure ever  
 crown'd  
 Where fruit spontaneous deck'd the smiling  
 ground;  
 The spicy groves that shed their rich per-  
 fume,  
 And forests waving with perpetual bloom;  
 Far from the fav'rite chase, the flowery vale,  
 And cheerful song that swell'd the balmy gale;  
 Far from the tender mother's fostering care,  
 And father's arms that press'd his infant  
 dear;  
 Far from repose, from ev'ry pleasure rent,  
 From love and peace, from joy and soft con-  
 tent,  
 Hope's latest ray now sunk in endless night,  
 And ev'ry comfort that did once delight.  
 He long destin'd to meet the bitter hate  
 Of some rude villain, made a scourge by fate,  
 Whose breast to move all groans and sighs  
 are vain,  
 Or the melting languish of contortion's pain;  
 The streaming wound or tears that briny roll  
 Can force no pity from his marble soul;  
 Ev'n honour's dictates from his breast eras-  
 ed,  
 And ev'ry function of his soul debas'd.  
 Insult and wrong like demons wrack his  
 breast,  
 Through joyless days and nights unknown  
 to rest,  
 Convolving woes their baleful influence shed,  
 Till death in pity wraps the wretches head.  
 Alas! poor negro, from neglect and shame,  
 The pitying muse shall snatch thy hapless  
 name,  
 And in immortal records roll it blest,  
 While in oblivion tyrants' names will rest.  
 Can any heart to whom fair freedom's dear,  
 Or any bosom fraught with mercy's tear,  
 Behold unmov'd, unwept, the dire disgrace  
 The outrag'd rights of Afric's sable race?  
 No! virtue's mind such hateful traffic spurns

And honour's soul with indignation burns;  
 The weeping heart in sympathy recoils,  
 While through the breast each purple stream-  
 let boils.

But justice yet shall poise her shining scale,  
 And high in air suspend the tyrant pale,  
 Who lost to truth, in fell oppression clade,  
 Still dares to sanction such a cursed trade.  
 In vain to urge their more exalted sense,  
 And intellectual power more intense,  
 Or the false splendor of superior kin,  
 And boast the lustre of a fairer skin:

These pompous shows alas! will nought a-  
 vail,

To screen from wrath their bosoms dark as  
 hell;

When that omniscient eye whose glances scan  
 The word, the deed, and inmost soul of man,  
 Shall try their works, and view poor Afric's  
 woes,

Survey the blood that now impurely flows,  
 A brother's murder, then it shall be found  
 That cries for vengeance from the earth re-  
 sound:

Then to remorse their soul shall sink a prey  
 And quake in horror for that awful day;

When from above omnipotence shall hurl  
 The fiery bolts that wrap in flames the world  
 Receding oceans to their centres roll,  
 The heavens affrighted quake from pole to

pole,

Astonish'd planets from their orbs recoil,  
 And melting nature like a chaldron boil;

The yawning gulf her frightful womb dis-  
 close,

Forever swell'd with pain's most torturing  
 throes,

Then from oppression's pangs the wretch  
 shall weep,

And mix his wailings with the howling deep.  
 That arm whose might the ponderous globe

employ'd,

Rais'd nature's structure o'er the formless  
 void,

Hung out these shining orbs that countless  
 roll

And from each centre drew the glitt'ring  
 pole,

Shall sooner cease to send its powerful aid,  
 Than vile oppression pass that day unpaid.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

## Stanzas on Woman. By Dr. Goldsmith.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
 And finds too late that men betray;  
 What charms can sooth her melancholy?  
 What sorrow wash her guilt away?

The only way her guilt to cover,  
 To hide her shame from every eye,  
 To give repentance to her lover,  
 And wring his bosom is—to die.

## Stanzas on Man. By John Brennan, Esq.

When foolish man consents to marry,  
 And finds too late his wife's a shrew;  
 When she her point in all must carry,  
 'Tis hard to say what's best to do.

Alas!—the breeches to recover,  
 To 'scape her tongue and light'ning eye,  
 And be as free as when her lover,  
 His only method is—to fly.

## ODE TO SLEEP.

Sister of Night! thy aid impart;  
 Oh! calm the throbbings of my heart;  
 The power is only thine:  
 Chace from my eyes the ling'ring day,  
 Bid grief and sorrow fly away,  
 And be thou only mine.

Succour the couch where misery lies;  
 Where unprotected beauty dies  
 Thy balmy aid bestow:  
 See where she sinks, all pale with fear;  
 Wipe from her eye the trickling tear,  
 And soothe the cup of woe.

How vain is man! how vain his pow'r!  
 A short liv'd plant, a fading flow'r,  
 He blossoms and he dies.  
 Soon shall his mighty projects fail,  
 An everlasting sleep prevail,  
 And close his wearied eyes.

Happy is he, who, free from strife,  
 Contented passes all his life,  
 Thrice happy is his lot!  
 Enjoys the pure untainted air,  
 Nor feels the bitter stings of care,

Beneath his humble cot.  
 Soon as the busy day is fled,  
 In peace he lays his wearied head:  
 Oh sleep! the gift is thine.  
 No selfish thoughts disturb his rest,  
 Serene his soul, and calm his breast:—  
 May such a state be mine!

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